

Supl

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
O D E S

BY
A STUDENT OF MEDICINE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY G. HARRIS AND SON, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.
J. JOHNSON, LONDON.

1796

O D E

and

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AND

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BY

A STUDENT OF MEDICINE

IN

THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

O parent of the Græcian lyre!
Admit me to thy secret strain.

AKENSIDE.

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J. JOHNSON, LONDON.

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MISCELLANEOUS FORMS

A STUDENT OF MEDICINE

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

(A portion of the University of Edinburgh
Adapted to the form of the University of Edinburgh)

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PRINTED FOR G. HARRISON AND SONS, 11, SOUTH BRIDGE, AND FOR
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A fine turn'd neck, and bosom white

Clear tints transparent—all mine!

Time had power to mildly brighten

O D E S.

A fine turn'd nose, a pouting lip, shining, twinkling, true

Where Cupid would for ever lip, in soft bliss sit

And kind by thy sweet breath, still rapt, thy face

O D E I.

Thou art the moon, O Jane!

How shall in truth the Muse bestow

Due praise, as few things here below,

Nor rose, nor lilly, nor the floe,

Can be compar'd to Jane?

I've seen the lilly wet with dew,

I've seen the rose of vermil hue,

I've seen the floe's rich lustre too,

Yet sweeter far is Jane.

I saw thy dawn of beauty beam,

But little, little did I dream,

'Twould rise to such divine extreme

As now, angelic Jane!

A

A fine turn'd neck, and bosom white,

Clear teints transparent—all unite!—

Fine ~~dark brown~~ eyes, so mildly bright,

Express the soul of Jane!

A fine form'd nose, a pouting lip,

Where Cupid would for ever sip,

And fan'd by thy sweet breath, still trip

Around thy mouth, O Jane!

In ringlets flows thy flaxen hair,

Around thy face, divinely fair!—

Free, easy, graceful is the air

Of all accomplish'd Jane!

Serenely gay, while sense refin'd

Bespeaks the range of thy free mind—

—As thou art good, so be thou kind

To him who loves thee, Jane!

For, Jane! you know that I'm another's,

I've made my ev'ry vow and oath her's;

Your lover, then, and I are brothers,

(Not rivals tho'), my Jane.

A

O D E II.

TO AN INFANT.

SWEET, delightful, little charmer!

Thus I'll fold thee in my arms!

Thy heart, dear innocent! is warmer

Than thy op'ning, glowing charms.

Yet the time will come, sweet creature!

When thy blushes will betray

A conscious wish—the wish of nature!

Some heart to gain—thine give away.—

Adieu, then, to thy soft caresses!

Some fond youth will fill my room!—

Thin as *Time's*, my hoary tresses

Will but mark thy early bloom!—

ODE III.

TO MEMORY.

Ah, fond remembrance ! bring me back my days
 Of early youth, and all its thrilling pleasures !—
 Ah, fond remembrance ! time shall ne'er erase
 The soul-enchancing joys of love's soft treasures !

Let me recal, while yet a heedless boy,
 The sweet delightful moments, swiftly flying,
 When ev'ry smile could please me, every toy
 Amuse my infant fancy, all-complying.

Even then, susceptible of Love's soft power,
 I doated on the charms of lovely woman ;
 And up to manhood, to this very hour,
 Still I adore dear, dear, bewitching woman !

Ah, fond remembrance ! many and oft the time,
 Hath cruel disappointment teaz'd and vex'd me,
 Even from my boyish days to youthful prime,—
 Hath doubts and fears a thousand times perplex'd me !

Ah, fond remembrance! steal not through my soul,

Thus in sad reveries of recent forrow!

O may'st thou on thy tablets ne'er enrol

One poignant pang more, of a sad to-morrow.

To-day be mine, then,—and let me enjoy

Sweet peace, and health, and love! life's dearest blessing!

These give a zest to ev'ry flowing joy,

To even the slightest comfort worth possessing.

O DED IV.

Did you know the *fair* that charms me,

'Twould account for what alarms me!

Think not, her accomplish'd mind,

Well-inform'd in sense refin'd,

Wanteth elegance of form.

No—listen, till I thee inform.—

But what on earth can I compare

To her all-harmony of air,

Her voice so soft, rich, full, and mellow!

Teeth fresh, eyes blue, hair so yellow!

Skin snow-white, smooth, and transparent;
 With a rose-teint, scarce apparent!
 Grace is in her mein and motion!
 —While she speaks, Love's subtle potion
 Steals through ev'ry pulse high beating—
 —Ah! 'tis, I fear, in vain retreating!—
 —Welcome, then, my love-lorn fate,
 Since I feel my doom too late!
 To even the slightest comfort worth possessing.

V D E D O

Could I persuade thee, dearest maid!
 To leave the town, and go with me,
 I'd lead thee to some peaceful shade,
 Where love is heard on ev'ry tree.
 Where in soft murmurs tinkling by,
 The ceaseless little winding rill;
 Where hums the bee, and busy fly,
 And flocks bleat on the distant hill;

Where echo tells the ploughman's tale,
 His lab'ring oxen love to hear,
 While softly whisper'd by the gale,
 Sweet rural sounds steal on the ear.

O how supremely blest'd would I,
 As seated by thee, clasp thy hand,
 And mark th' expression of thine eye,
 Mild moving in affection bland !

—Then would I lead thee through some grove,
 Where blow the lilly and the rose,
 Nor heeding as we onward rove,
 The sun declining to repose.

And night's sweet bird sings on her thorn,
 The soothing plaints she oft hath sung ;
 And hand in hand, as we return,
 I listen to thy tuneful tongue,

While words of kindness through my soul,
 Thrill in soft rapture's calm delight ;
 And if at intervals I stole
 A kiss—'twould be a lover's right.

—Come then, thou dear bewitching maid!
 Come! leave the giddy town, with me
 Nor care, nor sadness, shall invade
 Our rural quiet, happy, free!

ODE VI

COME, beauteous queen of soft desire!
 Of tender looks, and witching smiles
 For in my breast a glowing fire
 Consumes, and me of rest beguiles.

In kindness hear!—O soothe my woe!
 Descend in all thy blooming charms,
 As thou did once the sky forego,
 To find soft dalliance in my arms.

And thou with me, in soft delight,
 Enjoy'd sweet converse—while a far
 Thy sparrows wing'd their airy flight,
 Back with thy cloud-envelop'd car.

With look benign, thou ask'd of me,

What youth so coy my charms would move ;
And tho' he freeze, by thy decree,

His heart shall thaw, and melt to love.

O Venus ! come ! once more return !

Oh ! ease my anguish ! soothe my care !
And make my Phaon's soul to burn !

And all love's transports let us share !

* * Paraphrased from Sappho's Hymn to Venus.

O D E VII.

THE happy youth, who shares thy fond caresses,
Who tastes thy dewy lips, thy bosom presses,
Who drinks thy balmy breath, while thou, sweet smiling,
His cares beguiling,
Is as the gods, supremely blest'd 'bove measure !

—But while I gaze o'er all thy blooming treasure,
(My bosom heaving, and life's fountain flowing,
Through veins all glowing),

I burn—And now chill damps my limbs bedewing,
My ears ring—and my eyes dim, now cease viewing—
—While trembling, panting, fainting, still admiring,
I feel expiring !

C

O D E VIII.

ENTWINE the myrtle and the vine,
 O! give me all the joys of wine!
 Come, bind a wreath around my brow—
 To Venus, then, my every vow
 Shall be, while thus I drain the bowl,
 And yield my heart to love's controul!
 Who from yon cloud burst on my view,
 Whose flowing tresses, wet with dew,
 Floats on the breath of balmy gales,
 As in yon funny shower the sails?
 'Tis *May*!—Hail, beauteous *May*, appear!
 Thou goddess of the blossom'd year!
 O'er verdant lawn, or dewy mead,
 Where'er thy airy foot-steps lead,
 Content, and Joy, and Love, shall fling
 The fragrant treasures of the spring,
 The graces elegantly moving
 Thee to greet, while thou, approving,
 Lead'st the laughing loves along,
 From each grove the votive song,
 Now salutes the jocund train,
 In the dance each nymph and swain,
 Lightly bounding in soft mazes,
 Love-exchanging looks and smiles,
 Tender glances! 'witching gazes,
 Mild, and void of giddy wiles—

Be not coy, ye virgin beauties !

Life and *Joy* are on the wing ;

Loving is the first of duties ;

Sure, *Love's* season is *Life's Spring* !

Summer comes, its blaze of noon

Ripens rapture into bliss ;

Next mellow *Autumn*—Ah ! how soon

Winter parts the frozen kifs !—

Hoary is my flowing hair,

With the ringlets Zephyrs play ;

Wine shall drown my ev'ry care,

While my glowing heart is gay.

Snow on *Ida's* top is seen,

Nor less vivid is its green,

And beneath its awful brow,

Clust'ring vines and myrtles grow.

Son of *Venus* ! lovely boy !

Quaff with me life's flowing joys ;

Lead me to thy mother's bower,

At her shrine libations pour ;

While I, with the nymph I love,

Rapture and soft dalliance prove.

Thus while life flows in my veins,

I'll taste its joys, elude its pains ;

And when at last I meet its close,

I'll sink in calm serene repose.

O D E IX.

How hard the task; for inexperienc'd youth,
 To guide th' emotions of the feeling heart!
 And, ah! how hard the task, to find fair Truth
 Or on the world's wide stage to play one's part!
 A thousand unforeseen events must tease us!
 Motives and circumstances govern the will!
 A thousand trifles either vex or please us!
 Endless the toil!—yet we delight in't still!
 But why repine, ye giddy, restless mortals?
 Seize every joy—quaff life's delicious draught;
 And when ye've enter'd heaven's eternal portals,
 Think how on earth ye've danc'd, and fung, and laugh'd!

O D E X.

T O W O M E N.

O ye, possess'd of every charm

To captivate the feeling heart !

Whose pure affections, ever warm,

Whose smile can rage itself disarm,

Whose frown can every hope alarm

That love can e'er impart !

To you I sweep the votive string !

O listen to my tuneful lay !

While some, soft blooming as the spring,

Aloft soar on love's purple wing,

And all their op'ning fragrance fling !

To beauty's coming day !

While some, serene, in life's high noon,

All conscious of their power supreme ;

And some, mild as the virgin moon ;

And some, descending—ah ! too soon,

(Untasting love's once promis'd boon),

Down *Time's* swift-rolling stream !

D

To you, dear maids! the votive lay
 Shall in soft thrilling rapture flow
 In grateful song!—All mild and gay,
 You smooth life's rude and thorny way;
 You charm the night, and cheer the day,
 Of man's allotted woe!

What would the world without you be?
 —What would avail man's highest boast?
 —His science, arts, philosophy,
 His deep-laid schemes of policy,
 His courage, his philanthropy,
 Without ye!—all were lost!

For, is it not to gain your smiles,
 He braves the ocean—meets the foe?
 And brings the treasures of the isles,
 While hope-of-home his toil beguiles,
 All, all for you, he reconciles
 Vicissitudes below!

Crown, then, his true, his constant love,
 With fond affection, warm, sincere.
 And be not coy—the turtle-dove
 Is ever true—Then rise above
 All silly arts—these only prove
 The bane of what's most dear.

Ah no!—too good, too gentle, kind,
 To sport with passions tender, pure,
 The offspring of the feeling mind,
 By nature mingled and combin'd,
 To form a union most refin'd,
 And lasting love insure!

O D E XL.

'Tis true—my locks so thin and hoary!

Tell a sixty-winters story—

Yet I feel, in healthful glow,

Life's full tide as freely flow,

As when, but thirty summers less,

Half my joys could yet express.—

Give me friendship, give me wine,

And mirth, and all the joys divine,

That lovely woman can inspire!

What can more the soul desire?

Tho' my locks are thin and hoary,

Still I'll laugh, sing, tell my story,

Drink with heart-inspiring glee!—

For, behold yon aged tree,

Tho' its top be blasted bare,
 Still its trunk's green branches share
 All the former genial glow
 Of high health's incessant flow
 And—tho' 'tis true, my scanty locks be hoary,
 Still—love I will, and sing, and tell my story!—

O D E I X I I I

TO THE EAGLE.

HAIL! powerful bird, companion of dread Jove!
 Now from thy native rock I see thee soar,
 High pois'd in air, through regions vast,
 Where loudly howls the whirling blast,
 That dashes 'gainst yon rugged shore,
 The storm-toss'd bark—while scowling and thick-wove,
 Supremely o'er the foaming main,
 The tempest's awful gloom doth reign.
 Yet thou, serene on high,
 Hast gain'd a cloudless sky,
 Nor heed'st the raging storm beneath,
 That tears the blasted pine on yonder heath.

'Tis past—and all is hush'd to rest,
 Save heaving Ocean's lab'ring breast—
 Scarce can my straining sight descry
 Thy daring range.—Thy piercing eye,
 The lightning's flash, with one wide sweep
 Survey'ft the far-extended deep.
 Down darting on thy prey with talons keen,
 I see thee fix 'em in a seal's tough hide,
 Who drags thee 'neath the briny tide,
 In conflict fierce!—the victim dies!—
 Afar, I hear thy eaglet's cries—
 And soon a feast of blood,
 Borne on the heaving flood,
 Shall gorge their carrion-craving maws unclean.
 —Chief of the wing'd inhabitants of air!
 Ah! why yon bleeting innocent arrest,
 With ruthless beak, and iron grasp!
 —Hah! see he bleeds!—one lengthen'd gasp,
 Death's signal, marks him for thy blood-stain'd nest!—
 Ah! thus, unheeding, in the dawn of years,
 Some simple youth, ill-fated, sudden falls,
 The easy prey of some emotion wild,
 And leaves, perhaps, to wail an only child,
 A deep-afflicted parent!—Grief appals
 His ev'ry joy and comfort, steep'd in tears—

O D E XIII.

I. 1.

AWAKE, my lyre! awake, my song!
 My soul, enraptur'd with the lofty theme,
 Through space, darts as the morning's beam.—
 I'll tell the countless orbs that roll along,
 The glories of this nether sphere.—
 While soaring in the vast career,
 With piercing glance I'll view the laws,
 (Pure series of the GREAT FIRST CAUSE),
 That still preserve the equipoise
 Of stars, that in their course rejoice,
 In harmony sublime they roll,
 And Nature's God reigns mid the perfect whole!

I. 2.

— Wrapt in its azure, liquid zone,
 Sublime it wing'd its rapid course through air,
 And sped. Consign'd to Nature's care,
 Fix'd on its axis, to its orbit thrown.
 The vivid gleams of lightning flash!
 Thunders roll!—A mighty crash

Awakens Time!—Now rous'd at Nature's call,
 He seizes quick the whirling ball,
 And hurls it to the airy-footed hours,
 Who with the seasons, hand in hand,
 Now lead him o'er the smiling land;
 All bath'd in dew each hill and plain,
 While oosing rills swell on, and gain the rolling main.

I. 3.

Sweet were the joys of golden days!
 While Phœbus beam'd his milder rays,
 NATURE view'd, with smile benign,
 All the harmoniz'd design,
 And rais'd the song of praise.
 "MIGHTY AUTHOR! thy dominion,
 As thyself, is perfect union.
 Pure thy vivifying spirit,
 Through this universe sublime,
 Breathes. Each system doth inherit
Seasons, Day and Night, and Time,
Heat internal—And Light's lucent beam,
 A flood of glory through the wide expanse,
 Bursts from the cave of *Night*, a mighty stream,
 At thy dread voice! and worlds on worlds advance,
 Illum'd in instant *Day*!—and on they roll,
 Rejoicing in their course, sublime from pole to pole!

II. 1.

Spring's fragrant bosom opes to *Day*,
 And all her blooming charms and sweets unvails;
 While *Earth* her balmy breath inhales—
 —Luxuriant *Summer* comes in fervid ray,
 And yields to *Autumn* all her store—
 Next *Winter*, in terrific roar,
 Comes on the wings of mighty blast afar,
 Driving fierce his icy car... I.
 In long and cheerless night he sits on high,
 Or howling scowls along the sky,
 Till *Spring* again, serenely calm,
 Smooths his stern brow, and pours in ev'ry wound her balm.

II. 2.

Mild and serene the *dawn* awakes,
 And darts a glance along the vaulted sky—
 —Behold afar the *God of Day*!—now fly
 Beneath his fervid wheels the golden flakes.
 As lightning's flash, he strikes the sight!
 All is a glorious blaze of light!
 The tenants of the odour-breathing grove
 Attune their strains to melting love,
 Each living thing rejoices in the ray—
 And now the noon-beam of the day
 Ripens every fruit and flower,
 For such is *light and all-creating heat's* vast power!

II. 3.

And now reclin'd in myrtle shape,
 Each happy youth and lovely maid,
 Near some cool rill of amber hue,
 O'erhung with roses, dropping dew—

Now *Evening* down the gade,
 Steals on, in sweetest melancholy,
 Leaving noise, and leaving folly,
 See the *man of thought* retiring !
 Viewing stars that silent roll,
 Gazing still, and still admiring,

Breathe the fervour of his soul !—
 Behold the glory of the splendid host !
 How infinite in number !—filling space—
 In admiration and amazement lost !—
 The mind's all-piercing eye, nor yet can trace
 These boundless regions !—Hark !—the mystic song,
 In Harmony's full tide, swells on and rolls along !

III. I.

Now, in the solitude of night,
Time's awful form is seen on high,
 Circling all the blazing sky—
 And now he wings with speed his silent flight,

And plunges in *Oblivion's* wave—
 Now hid in *Night's* eternal cave,
 He sleeps to wake no more!—*Confusion's* reign
 Begins!—*The Universe's* chain
 A thunder-bolt dissolves!—And instant hurl'd,
Sun meeting *sun*, and *world* on *world*,
 Sink in chaotic mass most dire!
 Boils—it rages—flames an universal fire!

III. 2.

Behold the ruin vast!—how drear!
 —'Tis all, as if *Existence* slept in death!—
 The GOD of Nature's kindling breath
 Pours forth—re-animates each rising sphere.
Immortal life!—*Eternal day!*
 Spring in a glorious lambent ray!—
Eternity! how awful is thy bound!
 Thrill'd at thy depth profound,
 The soul, as hov'ring o'er the wide abyss,
 Recoils!—though regions of delightful bliss,
 Warm'd by eternal fons, appear,
 Where love and rapture form a never-ending year!—

III. 3.

In sweet Elyfian bowers reclin'd,
 Where weary mortals rest now find,
 Each by the partner of his love,
 While mufic wakes around the grove,
 The joys ferene of mind,
 On the wings of blooming Pleafure,
 To the flowing melting meafure,
 From a thoufand lyres fweet founding,
 Souls immortal float around,
 Or in airy circles bounding,
 Prefs with printlefs feet the ground,
 Till fome new joy arrefts the happy throng,
 When gliding fwift to fome fweet wood-bine fhade,
 Where Orpheus fweeps the lyre, and breathes the fong,
 While in foft rapture loft, each beauteous maid
 Leans, in the thrilling extacy of love,
 On him whole beating bofom doth her paffion prove.

O D E XIV.

TO CHEMISTRY.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

HAIL, mystic Science! Chemic powers, hail!

Deep hid, I ween, ye dwell profound,

Amid your magic spells,

In secret cells:

Where ever and anon, around

A thousand little airy spirits sail,

(As atoms in the noon-tide ray),

In sport, through wide expanse most pure,

Seeking each other to allure,

In bland *Affinity's* bewitching sway.

Hail *Light*! thou first created of all things!

Whether from *sun*, or *stars*, diffus'd through space,

Or by refraction and reflection bright,

Or quite absorb'd, we call thee Night!

All hail, amazing power!—

—While in a vernal shower,

By thy mild influence, each floweret springs,

All nature hails thee with a smiling face!

All hail, *Caloric* ! hail, most potent power !
 Whether quiescent in the *frigid-zone*,
 Or bursting in a deep internal groan,
 A blazing column from bleak *Heckla's* tower !

Or belching fierce from *Etna's* forge,
 O'er fair *Sicilia's* plains thy rage disgorge !
 Or in a hissing deluge roar,
 Where *Herculaneum* of yore,
 Beam'd in the lucid ray benign
 Of *Peace* and *Commerce*—where the *Nine*
 Fair fugitives from *Greece* appear'd,
 Fix'd their abode, their temples rear'd,
 And taught their mimic arts, and sciences refin'd—

Hail, power combin'd, combustible, impure !
 Thou ambient reservoir ! commix'd of all
 The gaseous, aqueous parts of this pois'd ball !
 What were the secret charms that could allure
 The persevering *Priestley* to explore,
 And analyze, and ascertain thy *airs* ?
Lavoisier too, deep skill'd in Chemic lore,
 By just experiment, thy parts compares,
 And to the wondering world *his theory* quick declares.

Stern Pride and pur-blind Prejudice in vain
 The precious truths decry his genius taught;
 Nay, even immortal *Black* begins again
 To learn an art, but late he rear'd from naught!

Disclose, O *Chemic Powers*! your secret stores,
 As yet, deep, deep involv'd,
 Nor decompos'd, nor yet evolv'd
 From *acids, alkalis, earths, ores*—
 So may your science useful, as sublime,
 Go on progressive to the verge of time!

Hail, power combin'd, combustible, impure!
 Thou ambient reservoir! commix'd of all
 The gaseous, aqueous parts of this bound ball,
 What were the secret charms that could allure
 The persevering Traveller to explore
 And analyze, and ascertain thy air?
 Sweeter too, deep still'd in Chemic lore
 By just experiment, thy parts compares
 And to the wondering world thy theory quick declares

O D E XV.

T O T I M E.

STAY thy dread arm!—thou'rt mortal too,
 As well as me—tho' hid from view
 Thy ruthless sweep, with edge so keen,
 In awful silence will I ween,
 Among the mansions of the dead,
 Thy secret, soft, unheeded tread,
 Is mark'd by many a mould'ring heap;
 Where injur'd ghosts their vigils keep,
 And smile triumphant in their turn,
 That soon must yield the crumbling urn,
 And nodding tomb, their forms renew'd—
 While thou, fell Tyrant! all-subdued,
 Chain'd in Oblivion's endless night,
 While renovated Nature bright,
 Smiles joyous in the lambent ray
 Serene of an eternal day!—

O D E XVI.

HAIL, venerable good OLD-AGE !

In virtue great, in knowledge sage,

Thy hoary head be crown'd !

So may thy *evening's* closing scene,

Decline unclouded, and serene,

While some few friends around,

To catch thy last departing sigh,

Ere thy pure spirit wings the sky,

To peace and calm repose.

So may thy memory sacred rest,

In friendship's tender-thrilling breast.

—Such be thy fated close !

O D E XVII.

S T R O P H E.

WHEN all the UNIVERSE was hid in NIGHT,

PTHA said, " Let there be light !"

And quick the OVAM burst !

Great OSIRIS springs first.

Next Isis' paler beam, scarce yet in fight,

Stands trembling o'er the humid mafs,

And views her ray reflected in the liquid glafs.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

The myriads of the starry host

Appear'd.—Among the tuneful spheres

This NETHER WORLD, its MAKER's boast.

And, pleas'd, the swelling harmony he hears.

Now his all-powerful, all-creating soul,

To make a perfect whole,

Breath'd *life* and *immortality*,

Each element its quality

H

Distinct, *Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,*
 And blooming NATURE, ever fair,
 And bright MINERVA, *daughter of great Jove,*
 Then first descended from their blissful seats above.

E P O D E.

O thou unknown, unsearchable FIRST CAUSE,
 Lead, guide, direct, enlarge the soul of man,
 Teach him the knowledge of thy hidden laws,
 And with his mind's eye pierce thy mystic plan.
 So shall his soul in song
 The tuneful theme prolong,
 And all his life to thee
 Shall consecrated be.
 In thee he lives, he moves, and being hath,
 Lead him, O lead him, in true Wisdom's path!

O D E XVIII.

S T R O P H E.

MITHRAS SUPREME, the source of *Heat and Light*,
 Beam'd forth on ANCIENT NIGHT,
 Struck by his all-creating ray,
 Sprung nstant into living DAY,
 And all the UNIVERSE around the sacred FIRE,
 Hail'd in high jubilee, the SELF-EXISTING SIRE.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

OROMASDES, cause of every good,
 Emanative from MITHRAS, flood
 'Gainst ARIMANIUS, whose breath
 Is noxious, pestilential, death;
 And shall, by MITHRAS' *mediation*, yield,
 While OROMASDES beams as MITHRAS' blazing shield.

E P O D E.

Thou, SACRED FOUNTAIN of Eternal DAY!
 Pure Stream of Life! whom all obey!—
 Back to its native source, the soul
 Returns, preserves the PERFECT WHOLE.—
 To thee perfumes in lambent blaze profuse shall rise,
 Around thy throne, thou orient Ruler of the skies!

O D E XIX.

High to the azure vault let Pæan ring!
 While thus I joyful sweep the trembling string,
 The SEA-NYMPHS listening, shall prolong,
 In sweetest echo, this my song.—
 Emerging from his cave profound,
 The GOD OF OCEAN comes—around
 His tritons float, and swell the lofty sound.

Hail to the trident God!

Whom, at his awful nod,

The howling storms obey,

And thick-wove scowling tempest beams sereneest day!

First, let the melting voice of Woe,

Deep, solemn, soft, and slow,

Mourn o'er the free-born brave,

Who sunk in glorious death, their country thus to save.—

—Behold afar, in mid-air sail sublime,

The airy sciffs, that waft their souls to bliss.

Soon shall they, dauntless, high Olympus clime,

Soon shall the Nine impress the welcome kiss,

While round the Heroes fam'd in former days,

Approving smile, as Fame proclaims due praise.

Fame her silver trumpet breathing,
 While the *Graces* gently move,
 And immortal laurels wreathing,
 To the dulcet strains of love.
 While *Venus* leads the *God of War* along,
 To greet the *Heroes* of the *Grecian* throng.
Olympic Jove bends from his seat sublime,
 And at his awful nod, doth hoary *Time*,
 On adamantine tablets now enrol
 Their names immortal, as *Fate's* mystic scroll.
 For such as fall in sacred *Freedom's* cause,
 Fix'd is their fame, immutable as *Nature's* laws.

Hail, Goddess of the brow serene,
Minerva, hail!—Lo! in thy train,
 The nymph sweet *Liberty* is seen,
 Escap'd from *Attica's* now desolated plain.
 Thou guardian of our sacred rights!
 Once more on *Cecrop's* towering heights,
 Shall rise again,
 Tho' *Persia's* ruthless bands,
 With sacrilegious hands,
 Laid smould'ring mid th' *Acropolis*, thy fane.

Around thee, fairest daughter of the skies,
Simplicity and *Truth* forever move,
 And meek *Contentment*, with joy-beaming eyes,
 And *Candour*, sweet companion of thy love,
 Avaunt, thou nymph of cautious mien!
 I know thee, *Prudence*, hence, begone!
 MINERVA, of the brow serene,
 Thy mimic guise shall never own.
 Hark! I hear *APOLLO*'s lyre,
 As in song sublime, his choir
 He leads! While round *PARNASSUS*' flowery slope,
 They wind their airy mazes up its double top.
 Now sailing down its azure steep,
 Where demi-gods their vigils keep,
 To where solemn, o'er *Delphos*' awful gloom,
 A twilight slumbers 'mong its shaded bloom—
 And now descend the sacred cave,
 Where o'er the *Tripod* laurels wave,
 The *Pythian* maid assumes the seat,
 In frantic wildness to repeat
 Prophetic accents.—Now they flow!
 “Enough th'Athenians thus to know!
 “Quick to your *wooden-wall* retire!
 “'Tis what the Fates decree, and *Jove*'s supreme desire.”

Quick as the lightning's gleam, the high behest
 Is instantly obey'd ; and all
 Pour forth, and climb the *wooden-wall*,
 Beneath the emigrating load, the deep, imprest,
 Low murmurs to the wafting gale,
 Responsive, swelling every sail.

At measur'd intervals, each dashing oar
 Moves in full cadence to the seamen's song ;
 And now, approaching *Salamis's* shore,
 The lengthen'd *wooden-wall* now heaves along.
 The oar suspended, every sail is furl'd,
 The anchors drop, and fix the *wooden-world*.

Now, on the flowery smiling beach
 Of *Salamis*, impatient, each
 Springs, hails, the scene enchanting, new,
 Elysium bursting on the view !
 Round the shrine of FREEDOM bounding,
 Meek-ey'd maids, and matrons grave,
 While shrill flutes and cymbals sounding,
 Rouse to deeds of might, the brave.

PERSIA's proud *Armada* heaving
 O'er the bosom of the main,
 Threaten.—We the haven leaving,
 Meet them on the liquid plain,

We fight—and conquer—*Persia's Lord!*
 Deep thrill'd with horror, sheaths his sword,
 And, in emotion wild, he flies,
 And seeks his realms 'neath Orient skies.
 Far hence his thousands flee, ne'er to return,
 Nor sack our cities, nor our temples burn.

But FREEDOM shall again,
 In Attica remain,
 And LIBERTY's true votaries joy in her placid reign.
 Io, Io, Pæan! swell the strain on high!
 Io, Io, Pæan! rends the vaulted sky!

Come, bring the *Hecatomb*, and pour the purple stream,
 To NEPTUNE and MINERVA soon shall blaze,
 The mighty sacrifice, a glorious gleam!
 While thus the song of victory we raise.

Io, Pæan! twine the victor's wreath!
 Io, Pæan! let all *Greece* now breathe!
 Ye white-rob'd Virgins! round each valiant Hero's brow,
 Bind with your arms of snow the *Victor's* crown!
 Entwine the myrtle with the laurel bough,
 For Love should form the wreath of fair Renown.
 Io, Pæan! ring from shore to shore!
Greece shall triumph till Time be no more!

Now raise the *Hermæ* to the free-born brave !
 Inscribe their deeds, that future times may know,
 Who glorious sunk, their country thus to save,
 And chac'd from *Salamis* the haughty foe.—

Io, Pæan ! swell the strain sublime !

Greece shall triumph 'mid the wreck of time !

K

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

* * * * *

— “ NOW fill the goblet high,” ANACREON said,
 (As at the board of POLYCRATES met,
 Were those renown'd in *Science and in Arts*,
 And chief among PYTHAGORAS the Sage),
 “ Fill to the brim the sparkling flood of wine,
 Deep let each guest drink of the foaming fount;
 And thou, PYTHAGORAS, whose soul sublime,
 In awful regions of mysterious lore,
 Delightest oft, on *Contemplation's* wing,
 To soar on high among the *Starry spheres*.
 Say, whence is MUSIC's *powers*, its *origin*,
 Its *progress*, *Laws* and *Rules* in *Nature* fix'd,
 And how the art divine sooths, and delights the soul?”
 To whom the *Samian sage*, in accents mild,
 “ To free the *mind* from *Error's* mystic maze,
 And give a tone to *Intellectual Powers*,

To brace the *active feelings* of the heart,
 And lead the *Soul* to bliss ineffable,
 Is meek *Philosophy's* wish, aim, and end,
 And sure, the *SCIENCE* OF SWEET SOUNDS can give
 The *mental feast* of exquisite delight.
 Whether to soothe the *Soul* to plaintive sadness,
 Or prompt the sweet dissolving tear of joy,
 Or call th' affections, *blond* or *boist*, forth,
 And rouse to action all the inmost soul,
 Most apt, and powerful, are *Music's* charms;
 And, in the *Imagination's* finer dreams,
Analogies float in bright *Fancy's* eye,
 'Twixt *sound* and *motion*.—Thus, the murmur'ing rill,
 The waving *pine*, fan'd by the balmy breeze,
 The whistling *wind*, the raging surge below,
 The fearful flash of *Lightning's* forked gleam,
 The awful, deep-ten'd thunders rolling roar,
 The torrents brawl, the foaming pool beneath,
 The gliding stream in smooth and silent sweep,
 The heaving bosom of the lab'ring cloud,
 As sailing o'er yon awful mountain's brow,
 And in mid-air, now melting into light,—
 And on the front of *Evening* mild is seen,
 The *Moon's* soft beam, and all her splendid train,
 Now ready to burst through the azure vault,

While flowing full and mellow on the ear,
 The plaints of *Philomel*, in cadence sweet,
 Wakes list'ning *Echo* to repeat her strains,
 Till in full choir the songsters of the grove,
 Salute the glimmering of the dappled dawn.
 All, all in kindred sounds can be express'd
 By skill refin'd, that never fails to touch
 The Soul susceptible of Music's powers,
 From Unity and Love Eternal; sprung
 The essence of this Universe sublime,
 And system upon system roll on high,
 In Harmony! THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES!
 Hence sweetest sounds accordant to the soul,
 Pervade the Natural and Moral worlds.
 In ancient times, the progress Music made
 Was in proportion to Man's intellect.
 First, *Rhythm*, the graceful movements in the dance
 Directed. Next, sweet *Melody* was heard
 To flow in melting strains from *Voice* or *Flute*,
 And last, the tuneful *Lyre* the *Voice* sustain'd,
 And each expressive pause in interludes,
 Soft floating on the ear mellifluous,
 In Harmony most grateful to the sense.
 Each sound, acute or grave, is relative,
 And, as the rules of *Mathematic lore*,

Is fix'd in *Nature's laws* immutable.
 Thus *Music* to the mind articulate,
 In just proportion'd *measurément* and *tune*,
 Expresses sweetly in accordant sounds,
 The *Universal Language* of the soul.
 Even this *Terrestrial Globe*, whose soul intelligent
 Is *Æther* pure, in lengthen'd sound sublime,
 Among the *Spheres*, fix'd on its poles, rolls on.
 Hence, all things that exist, their essence have
 From one original, immortal source ;
 Of consequence, naught on this earth decays—
 But changes strange and various undergoes.
 Thus, as the *Soul emanative*, through air
 Floats on the balmy gale, or rides the storm,
 Till some material form attracts. And, fix'd
 In embryo, it sleeps, and wakes to *Mortal Life*,
 Till by some accident it gains the skies,
 And in a glorious stream of liquid light,
 Is lost in wonder and extatic bliss !—

L

*** This Extract and Odes VI. VII. VIII. XIII. XVII. XVIII. and XIX.
 are taken from a Work of the Author, entitled, *MUSIC, A POEM*, which he is
 preparing for the Press.

S O N G.

In rural ease, let me enjoy

Contentment, peace, and health,

The happy mean, so rarely found,

Nor poverty, nor wealth.

Let gentle meekness, candour mild,

Sweet innocence, and love,

With Friendship, thou angelic guest !

Be present where I rove.

Thus let me live in rural ease,

Glide calmly to my end ;

When dead—be graven on each heart,

" A warm, a steady friend."

ON THE

STATUE OF HERCULES.

REPOSING in his strength, sublime

The demi-god reclines,

And conscious seems, that to his arm

Force yields, as he inclines.

Thus, resting on the soul, serene

The philosophic mind

Feels each emotion govern'd still

By sentiment refin'd.

P A S T O R A L.

O SHEPHERD! hast thou seen a lamb,

'That late from me hath stray'd?

Yes, I have found a tender lamb,

Perhaps 'tis thine, sweet maid!

Its fleece is pure as mountain's snow,

And spotless, save the face,

Whereon a speck of dark-brown hue,

Marks its peculiar grace.

O! 'tis my helpless wand'rer! fwain!

The happy fair exclaims,
Say, what reward thy tender care
From my free bounty claims?

Mute, and abash'd, the shepherd stands,
Nor knows he what to ask—
For to reveal a love-sick tale,
Is fure, no easy task—

As silent stood the blushing maid,
In sweet confusion lost,
—Now falling in her shepherd's arms,
In thrilling transport lost—

But who can speak the joy extreme,
Two souls united know,
Whose ev'ry thought and wish the same,
Who live in Love's soft glow!—

So liv'd and lov'd the happy pair
Of this short simple tale,
Such be the fate of those who join
To wander through life's vale.

A N

HEROIC BALLAD.

YOUNG warrior, whither bend your steps?

The hoary DRUID said,

To yon high mountain's far-stretch'd brow,

Where many a warrior's laid.

I've heard the tide of battle roar,

I've seen it rage along,

Say, stranger, hath thy foul a friend,

Sleeping the slain among?

I had a friend! the stranger figh'd,

And wip'd a falling tear,

Fierce in the combat gleam'd his sword—

—He sleeps in death, I fear.—

By numbers overpower'd, at length

Our chiefs were forc'd to yield!

The few remaining safety sought,

And left the foe the field!

M

But many a gash, and many a wound,
 The victors bore away,
 Well may they boast their glorious scars,
 Proud trophies of this day.—

But what avails the boasted scars,
 The warrior proud may show !
 Ah ! what avails all soothing praise !
 When dearest friends lie low !

Companion of my early years,
 Young TRENMOR liv'd in joy,
 And how each other best to please,
 Did ev'ry care employ.—

And such the life that lovers live,
 Reply'd the hoary sage,
 And such I ween, thou fair disguis'd,
 Did TRENMOR's heart engage !—

Take off the helm that shades thy brow,
 And bare that breast of snow,
 Thy TRENMOR lives !—safe in my cave !
 And thither shalt thou go.—

He lives! exclaims the fair-disguis'd.

Swift as the bounding hind,

She flies along the valley's steep,

Her wounded love to find.—

—She, on a bed of heath, beholds

Her lover stretch'd, and cold!

One piercing shriek the cave refounds!—

—His form her arms infold.—

Fix'd are his eyes, and pale his lips,

And pale his manly face!

And, ah! in vain her eager arms

His mangled corpse embrace!

Nor sigh nor groan escapes the maid,

'Tis past!—her soul is fled!—

Kind Heaven their mutual love hath seal'd;

Thus number'd with the dead.

The DRUID enters—all is still—

And to her breast of snow,

He fees the breathless hero press'd!

—He rais'd the song of woe.—

And have your spirits wing'd the blast,
Your angry fathers ride !
Ah ! hapless pair ! your beauteous forms,
Of ALBA were the pride.—

Your fathers of the valiant were
The chiefs, yet mutual foes !—
Your secret loves no more shall be
The cause of mutual woes !—

Sleep then in peace, devoted pair !
While I, the moss-gray stone
Shall raise, to mark your narrow house,
And o'er your fate bemoan.

THE EVENING

Gathers round the sky
 Her many clouds, of various dye,
 And now descending in the west,
 Sinks the GOD OF DAY to rest.
 —Now all is deepen'd into gray,
 And *Night* usurps the throne of *Day*.—
 Amid her gloom she reigns supreme,
 Till silent steals the *Moon's* soft beam,
 And on she holds her cloudless way,
 Until

THE MORNING

Darts her ray
 In mildest lustre—bath'd in dew,
 Creative *Nature* opes to view,
 The *rising Sun's* broad-bursting glare,
 Illumes at once the ambient air!
 Around, above, below—the whole
 Seems but one animated soul,
 Attun'd to *Love's* enchanting song!
 In joyous harmony it pours along.—

N

TO PART,
TO
MEET NO MORE.

S H E.

ADIEU ! adieu ! my gallant failor !

Leave, O leave me, thus to weep !

Thou must change this panting bosom,

For the bosom of the deep !

H E.

Tho' to distant climes I sail, Love,

— My heart is anchor'd safe with you ! —

— Hark ! on board they loudly call me —

One kiss more, my Love ! — adieu ! —

Thus TOM and SALLY, weeping, parted —

He to climes unknown to sail;

But never more return'd her lover ! —

Thus poor SALLY did bewail :

Tempests shall no more alarm me,

While I trembling, waking lie,

And my fears rise as the winds howl,

Thunder rolling round the sky.

Rage, ye tempests! roar, thou ocean!

Lightnings flash! and thunders roll!

I heed not your terrific motion,

Nor can aught appal my soul—

Sunk in sorrow, deep deploring

All that was to me most dear,

Day and night I, weeping, wailing,

Pour incessant sorrow's tear!—

In desert's wild wailing form!

D E A T H

—Now she yields her last breath!

T H E H A R E.

SEE!—she turns, and winds, and doubles!

Hard pursu'd by panting hounds—

'Tis done!—and ended are her troubles!

Hark!—what piteous touching sounds!

Keen and greedy fangs devour her!

Blood-besmeared the turf appears—

—Thus, wild passions will o'erpower her

Who is lost in bloom of years!—

First, in sweet retirement, smiling
 In soft innocence and joy,
 Soon, too soon, some swain beguiling,
 Doth her future hopes destroy.—
 —Now, alas ! regardless turning !
 Prostitutes her lovely form,
 Mad'ning in fierce love, and burning
 In desire's wild wasting storm !
 —Till at last, diseas'd, and lying
 On a loathsome bed of death !
 Pale, and gashly,—fast a-dying !—
 —Now she yields her latest breath !—

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

THE west-wind fighting softly through the grove,
And dew distilling o'er the sun-burnt plain,
Announce th' evening—In the bower of love,
Is seen, reclining pensively, a swain—

His foul's dear idol wanders o'er yon field,
In graceful negligence of summer-dress,
He flies to meet her—now their hearts they yield
To love's soft sway, and every fond care.

The lovely fair-one glowing in her charms,
In rapture sinks upon her lover's breast;
Trembling, he clasps her in his eager arms;
Thus, lost in extacy! they sink to rest!

O

How oft, alas ! when all our joys seem bright,
 When life's fair noon is crown'd with peace and love !
 The day is overcast—a dreary night
 Falls in dire ruin !—Such poor mortals prove !

And such the wayward lot of this fond pair—
 Fate gave the word, and blasted are their joys !
 The surly fire of this devoted fair
 Burst in upon their slumbers !—Thus his voice,

“ Villain, begone !—hence to thy sphere obscure !
 Presume not, at thy peril, thus to meet
 My child dishonour'd !—nor dare to allure
 Her spotless soul—nor dare my hopes to cheat !”

Rous'd at the insult, firm the shepherd stands,
 And thus address'd him :—“ Know, thou proud, old man,
 Tho' wealth ne'er foil'd my unpolluted hands,
 Nor blood ennobled in my veins e'er ran ;

Yet, I'm a man !—this is my only boast—
 I love thy daughter—this with pride I own—
 Above all mortals, her I prize the most—
 And shall till death.”—“ Audacious wretch ! atone

For thy temerity,"—the father cries,
And instant aims a dire death-dealing blow !
To ward it off, in vain the shepherd tries—
He bows beneath its force !—it lays him low !

In wildest extacy of rending grief,
The fair-one falls down on her lover's corse !
Her murd'rous father, seeks in tears, relief
From wringing sorrow, horror, and remorse !

Still doom'd to wretchedness and lengthen'd woe,
She opes her eyes fix'd wild in wan despair.—
Now sunk in sadness—wand'ring soft and slow,
Her lover's dog and sheep her only care.

These follow her where'er her fancy leads,
Companions of her sorrow, sleep, and fare,
A woe-worn shadow clad in tatter'd weeds,
Through woods and wilds, o'er heaths rude, barren, bare.

Till bow'd at length beneath a load of woes,
Beyond the power mortality can bear,
Kind Heaven in pity grants the long repose,
Her wearied-out remains in peace now share.

ELEGY II.

WHERE fighs the waving bamboo to the breeze,
 Mid yon deep folitude, whose awful brow,
 In hoary grandeur, bends fublime o'er feas,
 That from afar, bear many an Indian prow,

Mid yon deep folitude, in peace are laid,
 Where fragrant flowers embalm the filent air,
 In bloom of years, a youth and beauteous maid;
 And as they liv'd, fo died the constant pair.

As two fweet tendrils budding fair to view,
 Clasp as they lengthen round their parent vine,
 So PAUL and MARY up together grew,
 More fweet they bloom, more clofely they entwine.

Simplicity's true charms adorn'd the boy,
 In dignity of mien and manly grace,
 The fmile of innocence and infant joy,
 Gave luftre to the bloom of MARY's face.

Ah ! what avail the joys of early years !

When sorrow keen awaits the destin'd hour !

When fate impending wakes our awful fears,

And shews how impotent is mortal's power !

And, oh ! what words can paint the anguish keen,

'Two souls from infancy united feel,

When some event abrupt, and unforeseen,

Blasts every prospect of their future weal !

Such poignant pangs did PAUL and MARY prove,

At parting—and, alas ! to meet no more !

—He gains yon highest cliff swift as a dove,

And views the ship, now lessening from the shore !

“ O cruel ship ! ” he cries, “ why hast thou stoln

My MARY from me ?—whither dost thou fail ?

—O for an eagle's wings ! ”—his heart, big swoln,

Forbids him utterance to his frantic wail !—

And now he wanders, steep'd in hopeless woe,

Where his beloved MARY went to roam,

Where pending palm-trees and bananas grow,

Forgetful of himself, his friends and home.

For, what is home when every joy is fled!
 When every object but recalls to mind
 The soul's dear idol number'd with the dead—
 Or gone to distant climes—or left behind!—

And, oh! to leave behind thy much-lov'd PAUL,
 What anguish keen, O MARY! dost thou prove?
 Cease, cease, distracted maid!—in vain thy call,
 For seas divide thee from thy faithful love!—

But life's dread ocean is more fatal far,
 That all the perils of the faithless main,
 Than all the rage of elemental war—
 For who can vanity's full tide enchain?

How can a simple maid, with soul refin'd,
 When launch'd untimely on the world's rude wave,
 Move on serene in rectitude of mind,
 Nor folly's victim, nor pride's feeble slave?

'Tis truth and innocence that guide aright,
 That calmly regulate th' emotions pure,
 The spring of action in the bosom bright,
 The source of comfort, joy, and peace secure.

And such, sweet MARY! mid the giddy wiles,
Was thy deportment, dignified, serene;
But, ah! while absent from thy PAUL's dear smiles,
How vain the splendour of the crowded scene!

And oft the secret sigh distends her breast,
And oft a longing look, a wish sincere,
For former joys, deep on her mind impress'd,
For PAUL, and home, and all she held most dear.

Now to the busy world she bids adieu,
And speeds to gain her solitude so sweet—
Her native isle now strikes her eager view,
Where PAUL, impatient, waits his love to meet.

But, ah! mysterious Heaven! they meet no more!
—For signals dire portentous now appear,
Of storm impending—fearful to the shore,
Th' affrighted sea-fowls wing their wild career—

Hush'd every breath of wind.—Night's awful gloom
Spreads round th' horizon of the silent deep.
The anxious seaman dreads some fearful doom,
And changes not, as wont, his watch for sleep;

For in the distance vivid flashes gleam.—

At awful intervals, low murmuring peals
Are heard.—And now the heaving billows seem
Mov'd by internal power.—A ship now reels—

The cry of jeopardy and wild despair

Is heard on board.—The hurricane comes on
In one tremend'ous blast.—Now through the air
Th' incessant lightnings flash.—All hope is gone!

How fearful seems the awful tempest's glare!—

Wild screams of horror swell the howling blast.
One common fate the helpless victims share.
The shriek of death is heard—and all is past!

But one most lamentable piteous sight

Remains, to consummate this woeful scene!
Behold a figure, as an angel bright,
Clings to the wreck, undaunted and serene.

'Tis MARY!—Mid the breakers, her to save,

PAUL plunges headlong—but, alas! is laid
Now breathless on the beach—A heaving wave
Curls up in fury, and o'erwhelms the maid!

Now all is silence, and the storm is past—
Serene the glimmering of the dawn appears,
The sun's first beam broad o'er the deep is cast,
And nature smiles, but smiles all bath'd in tears.

Where sighs the waving bamboo to the gale,
'Mid yon deep solitude, they both are laid,
Where breathes around the fragrance of the vale,
Beneath one turf, the youth and beauteous maid.

E P I T A P H.

If worth departed, ever claim'd a tear,
If sacred friendship, now no more, a sigh,
If two fond hearts united, true, sincere,
The tribute pay.—For here their ashes lie.

* * The subject of this Elegy is taken from DE SAINT-PIERRE'S
" *Studies of Nature.* "

Now all is silence, and the storm is past—
Gone the glimmer of the dawn appears,
The sun's first beam broad o'er the deep is cast,
And nature smiles, but smiles all bathed in tears.

Where lights the waving banner to the gale,
Mid you deep solitude, they both are laid,
Where breezes around the fragrance of the vale,
Beneath one turf, the youth and beauteous maid.

EPITAPH.

It worth departed, ever claimed a tear,
It sacred friendship, now no more, a sigh,
If two fond hearts united, true, sincere,
The tribute pay—For here their ashes lie.

"The subject of this Epitaph is taken from Dr. Baile's Poem."

"Student of Nature."